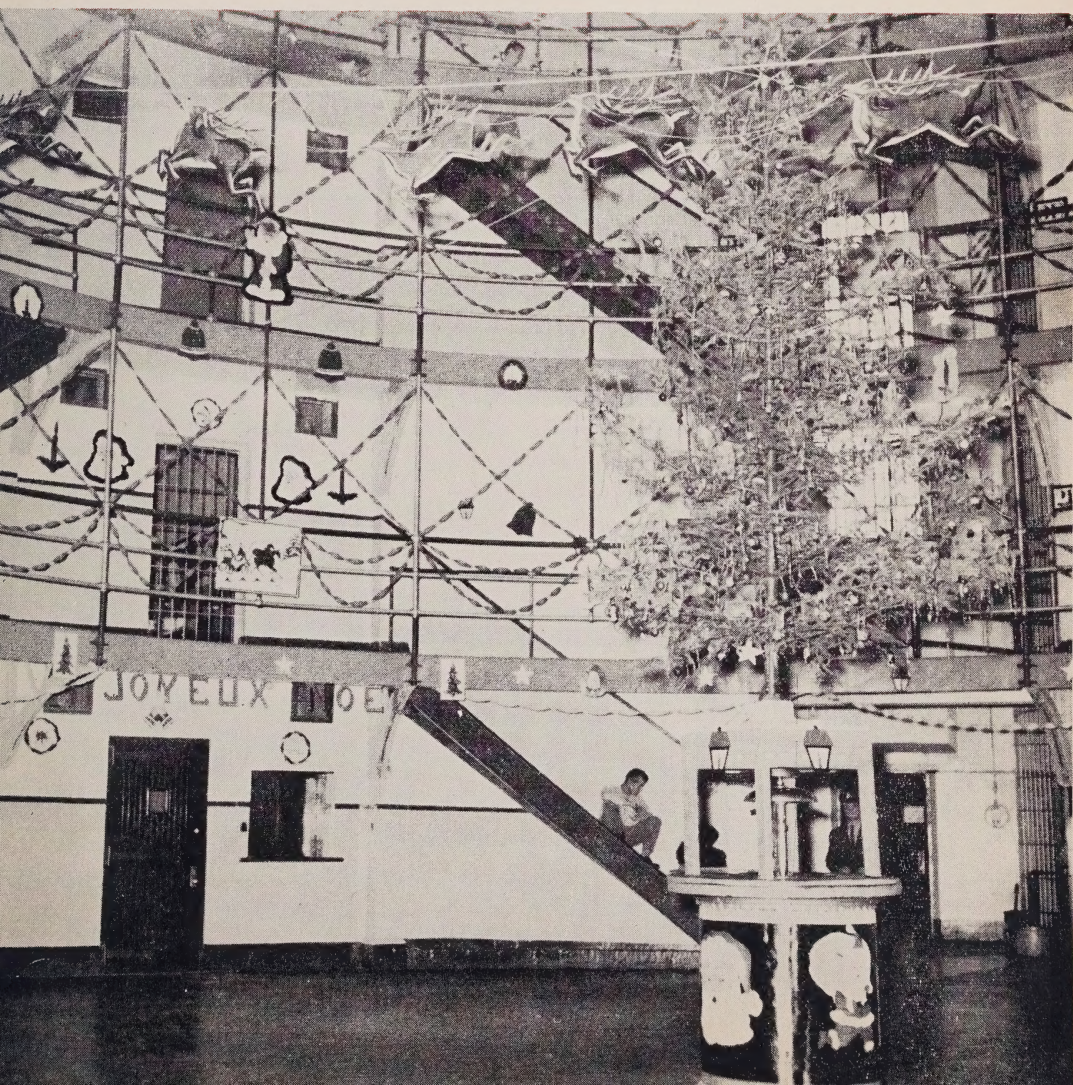


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K.P. telescope



"The K.P. Telescope is published to provide the inmate with a medium creative expression and communication, in order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world."

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NOVEMBER & DECEMBER CENSUS

High Number	1393	Low Number	8740
Received During Month	118	Deaths	0
Paroles	0	Discharged by Expiration	17
Transferred	100	Escaped	0
Parole Violations	4	Total Population	882

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CHRISTMAS IN PRISON

"Do you think that you could tell it
If you met me on the street?
Do you think that you would know it,
If perchance we were to meet?"

These lines, long familiar to readers of *The Telescope*, recently inspired a News Columnist to apply pen and thought to paper and write about a man incarcerated in a prison.

The columnist did not name the prisoner (she couldn't) and she did not name the prison (she couldn't do that, either). But she did not have to. Any prison poet might have been the author of this verse as he sat in his lonely cell and meditated about society's attitude toward an ex-convict.

In another poem, quoted by the columnist, we read a touching verse of *The Ordeal*, written by the same author:

"I can see him in the gloaming,
As he kneels to say a prayer;
So young, Christlike and innocent,
Tho' tomorrow — he gets the chair."

This latter verse was written about his youngest son's first visit to the barber shop, where it was certainly an "ordeal" to shear his locks of hair.

Some of us here at the Penitentiary are familiar with the deep longing this prisoner had for freedom and his wife and two small boys.

Christmas 1964, will be a sad day in the lives of more than 20,000 Canadian prisoners and their families, but it will be more sorrowful for men like this prisoner and the many wives and children. Prisoners with families suffer the hardest of all at Christmas time.

The man of whom I write will sit on his lonely prison bed and try to transmit his thoughts beyond those walls of stone; to the living room of a home in some town where his family is gathered about a glittering Christmas tree. His thoughts will be of the very spot where a tear stains the cheek of a loving wife, longing for the companionship of her mate; and of two small boys who need their father, and fail to understand why "daddy" cannot be with them to see what Santa brought.

And they try to project their thoughts through time, space and distance; into the very prison atmosphere where the husband and father sits in agony because he cannot reach out and hold them close.

As the News columnist wrote of him, freedom is the heaven out yonder."

As this Christmas Day dawns on the Christian nation, we hope this prisoner and his family will take heart. And when another Christmas Day casts its ray of peace and happiness upon the earth, may the gap of time have been bridged and may he and his family be re-united in the "heaven out yonder."

ABOLITION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

The death penalty is an anachronism in the modern penal code. It is a relic of an age when all punishments were savage and vindictive, and will be regarded by our successors with the same horror with which we now look upon the hanging of little children for theft. A century and a half ago the death penalty could be, and was, inflicted for more than two hundred different offences. It is now applicable to four, and in actual practice is imposed for only two: treason (rarely) and murder. Hanging is now generally recognized to be a revolting and cruel punishment. To abolish it altogether would be a further step towards the humanization of our laws.

If it is true that such crimes are on the increase, that shows that capital punishment, as a deterrent, is not effective. In fact the statistics of crime in all countries prove that violent punishment tends to increase rather than decrease violent crime. For every step in the reform of our own penal code there has been a progressive diminution in the number of minor offences, while in spite of the death penalty the number of murders has remained almost stationary for half a century.

The main body of evidence proves the contrary to be true. Out of nearly thirty countries that have abolished the death penalty, not one, according to the evidence given to the Select Committee on Capital Punishment in 1930, reported any increase in the number of murders committed. A penal code based on the idea of education and reformation of the offender is far more likely to reduce the amount of crime.

The death sentence is irrevocable. A mistake once made cannot be put right.

Murderers do sometimes escape all punishment, because the jury refuse to convict. This would be less likely if there were no death penalty. In some cases sentence is passed as an empty and cruel formality, when there is no intention of carrying it out. And pleas of insanity and petitions for reprieve are multiplied.

Very few of the murders committed really are premeditated. Four out of five are committed by people who are found to be insane and twenty-five per cent of the remainder are said to be borderline cases—and no threatened penalty is likely to deter a lunatic—while in those cases in which the murderer is held to be sane, the crime is usually committed under the stress of violent passion or anger, in circumstances which either blind the perpetrator to possible consequences or make him regardless of them.

The infliction of the death penalty is against the conscience of civilized man. Thousands are always eager to sign petitions for reprieve even in cases where murder is definitely proved.

To destroy human life is a crime, in peace or in war, by the State or by the individual.

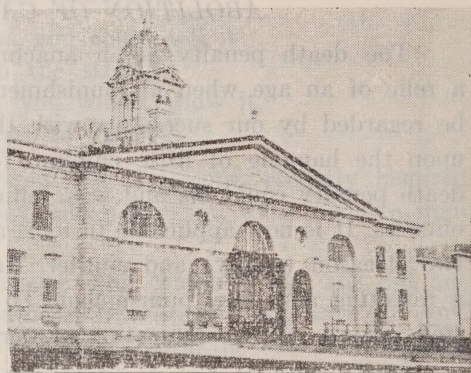
PENAL NEWS

NOTES ON THE NEWS

FROM

AROUND THE WORLD

Robert Fairchild



LOADED WEAPONS BARRED

(NCCD): — Last month the New York City Council enacted a bill which prohibits possession or carrying of a loaded rifle or shotgun in public. The law also bans the carrying or possession of an unloaded rifle or shotgun in public, unless the weapon is enclosed in a carrying case.

The new legislation imposes a fine of up to \$1,000 or imprisonment of up to one year, or both, upon the violator. Possession of an unloaded weapon would incur a fine of up to \$50 or imprisonment up to 30 days, or both.

The mayor asserted that the legislation does not conflict with the constitutional right to bear arms as often claimed by sportsmen, gun clubs, and rifle associations opposed to restrictive legislation proposed for rifles and shotguns.

POPE GIVES SMOKES

ROME, ITALY: Pope Paul VI visited a local jail and not only mingled with the prisoners but also brought along two packs of cigarettes for each of the 1,000 prisoners.

CONN. JAIL HAS DINING ROOM

Indicative of the progress being made in Connecticut's efforts to upgrade county jail facilities is the opening of the first dining-room for inmates in the Hartford County Jail.

County jail prisoners ordinarily are forced to eat their meals in cells or in a crowded, and usually unsanitary, recreation area.

State Jail Administrator Harold E. Hegstrom and Hartford County Sheriff Patrick J. Hogan are to be commended for the improvements that they have inaugurated. (Via Presido)

CURBING ILLEGITIMACY

MISSISSIPPI (NCCD): — Governor Paul B. Johnson, Jr. has signed a bill to make the parents of a second illegitimate child guilty of a misdemeanor, subject to jail sentence and fine. The offense is now punishable by up to 90 days in jail and \$250 in fines for the first violation, and up to six months and \$500 for subsequent violations. Backers said the bill was aimed at reducing illegitimacy and cutting welfare rolls.

FEWER PAROLES

Assistant Director of the Vancouver branch of the John Howard Society, Peter Stein, says that this year, from the, British Columbia Penitentiary fewer prisoners are being released on parole.

Mr. Stein blames the decrease on the shortage of Federal analysts in Ottawa. He says their present working capacity is insufficient to handle parole applications.

He compared the parole rate of 15 per month last year, with the overall average of 6 prisoners being granted parole this year.

Due to the fact that the offices of those involved with the approvals for paroles are understaffed, inmates last year waited up to eight months instead of the regular four months.

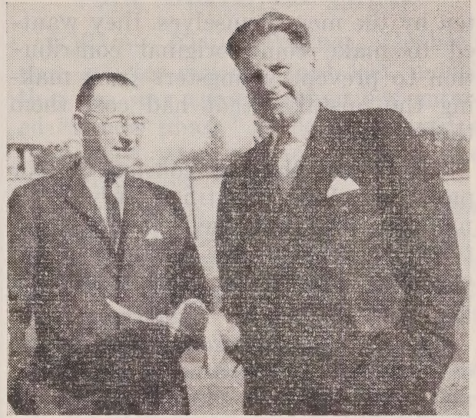
HONOURABLE INMATES

Santiago, Chile: 40 prisoners, granted a day of freedom on their word of honour to return within 24 hours, were back in their cells by 8 A.M. on Monday morning. It was the largest single group to be granted this privilege under the new Santiago Rehab Program.

(Via the Lens)

STATE OFFICIALS LOCKED UP

MINNESOTA (NCCD): — Governor and Mrs. Karl F. Rolvaag, the Attorney General, the Chief Justice, and about 25 other state officials and citizens were recently given an "insiders" tour of the Department of Corrections' institutions. At the Reformatory for Men, Superintendent Jack Young had each of them locked in a cell of a host reformatory inmate while tour instructions were broadcast over the inmates earphones. The purpose of the temporary incarceration was to demonstrate firsthand problems of correctional facilities.



President of Kingston Branch of John Howard Society, Mr. L.A. LeFleur and Mr. A.M. Kirkpatrick, Executive Vice President of Ontario Br.

INMATES TEACH TEENAGERS

Texas: The inmate panel members of "Operation Teenager" made their first out-of-state trip on April 15, when they were featured at the convention of the Southern States Prison Association in New Orleans.

Assistant Director Jack Heard, program chairman for the meeting, said the response of the association members was overwhelming.

"Several states were extremely interested in setting up a similar program for their own prisons," said Mr. Heard.

The program is designed to acquaint teenagers with the tremendous personal cost of a life of crime. Now in it's third year of operation, it has been hailed by law enforcement agencies, judges, educators, sociologists, ministers, and many others as a "major break-through in crime prevention, especially in the juvenile area."

Mr. John R. Winter, Executive Director of the National Society for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency, is "taking steps to spread this type of program through the nation."

The program had it's beginning "in the consciences of four inmates" of the TDC (Texas Department of Corrections), according to a booklet writ-

ten by the men themselves. they wanted to make some original contribution to prevent youngsters from making the mistakes that had cost them their freedom.

The actual program consists of four panel members, identified only by a number, who tell their stories, each trying to pinpoint the personality and character deficiencies that ultimately led to their loss of freedom.

They travel under the supervision of Education Department employees, and are locked in the county jail if the trip involves an overnight stay.

The inmates have travelled thousands of miles in the state speaking most to teenage audiences under the auspices of schools, churches, and civic groups. One panel member estimates that they have spoken to over 650,000 Texas teenagers since the program was started.

(Via The Echo)

LETTERS CUT OFF

NEW ORLEANS (CP): — State officials are going to take a second look at a prison systems ruling that has ended a three-year correspondence between a Nergo on death row and a Swedish woman.

Press reports of the prison's segrated letter policy are reported to have been received with astonishment in Sweden.

"Any policy we have is subject to change," said O.C. Sills, director of the State Board of Institutions, "I'm going to look into the history of this policy and its legal background."

The institutions board oversees operations at the State Prison, which segregates convicts by race.

Mrs. Solveig Johansson, 39, of Stockholm, had been writing to Edgar Labat, 41-year-old former New Orleans hospital orderly. Labat has been on death row 11½ years—longer than any U.S. prisoner now living.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: Dr. S.H. Perkins, President of Hamilton Branch; Mr. L.A. LeFleur, President of Kingston Branch; Mr. J.R. Mooney, President of Ontario Branch; Mr. J.C. Merrit, Vice President of St. Catherines Branch; Mr. A.M. Kirkpatrick, Executive Vice President of Ontario Branch.

RECENT VISITORS TO K.P.

Distinguished visitors from the John Howard Society recently visited Kingston Penitentiary for the purpose of familiarizing themselves with the institution.

They visited most of the shops and living quarters in the penitentiary and were mildly impressed with the way the institution functions.

TEST MINIMUM PAROLE

(CP): — Benoit Godbout, executive director of the national parole service of Canada, said a new minimum parole program became effective Sept. 1.

He said in an interview that parole cases now will be examined from another point of view. "Some parole cases that are denied, will have written on them "Denied at this time." Those who re-apply will be eligible for minimum parole, despite the denial of maximum parole."

Minimum parole is one month for each year of the sentence, up to a maximum of six months.

Asked about the value of day parole and half-way houses, he said: "It will take years to bring these things into active operation."

NEW TRACKING SYSTEM AND YUKON

(CP): — A new private teletype communications network will go into operation next February between municipal police forces in cities of more than 10,000 persons and provincial police headquarters and detachments, OPP Commissioner Eric H. Silk said.

With the new communications link-up, provincial police and municipal forces will be able to keep track of suspected criminals anywhere in the province.

Commissioner Silk said the new communication system is necessary to cope with today's criminal who is aided by modern communication and transportation.

"We expect 70 of the municipal forces to be included in the new system," he said. "There will be a private wire system with public lines of the telex (the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific communication systems)."

NEW PRISONS IN N.W.T.

The only prisons as to date in the Northwest and Yukon Territories are R.C.M.P. lockups. Criminals sentenced from three months to less than two years have served their time in Provincial institutions, usually in Alberta or Saskatchewan. Those with larger sentences have been coming to the Kingston Penitentiary. Because of increasing numbers of criminals, the government has decided to build two medium-security prisons; one in Yellowknife, N.W.T., and a second in Whitehorse, N.W.T., plus minimum-security mobile work camps for both territories and juvenile correction centres, as well as a probation program.

The man advising this program is Duncan Clark, correctional planning officer of the Northern Affairs Department. He has had experience as a probation officer, social caseworker and prison officer; for nine-and-a-half years he was Deputy Warden at the maximum-security Oakalla Prison Farm in British Columbia.

NEW DRIVE ON CRIME

(CP):— Claud Wagner, Quebec's new solicitor-general, said last month that the war against crime has entered "a new phase" as he announced a four-point program to improve the administration of justice.

Mr. Wagner, 39, who in one year earned a reputation as a tough Sessions Court judge who brooked no nonsense, particularly from repeaters, was appointed solicitor-general last month by Premier Lesage.

Within 24 hours of his appointment he met in Montreal with judges, provincial and municipal police officers and crown prosecutors.

He emerged from the meetings saying:

1. From now on, Crown prosecutors will object to bail for any person with a criminal record or for any person charged with "a major crime, a crime of violence."

2. Measures will be taken to assure Crown witnesses against intimidation and criminal action will be taken against anyone involved in obstructing justice.

3. The Federal Justice Department will be asked to correct "weaknesses" in the parole system, which Mr. Wagner often criticized when he was a judge.

4. A new system will be devised to speed up proceedings in the criminal courts.

SOVIET POLICE NEED HELP

(NCCD)—Greater citizen participation in crime prevention was one of the topics discussed at a three day conference on crime and police problems held recently by law enforcement agencies in the Soviet Union.

There has been a trend in the Soviet toward assigning a greater role to volunteer organizations in the fight against crime.

PRIVATE PRISON VISITS

In Mexico a prisoner may receive private visits with his wife; and as a result, prison officials believe that several problem areas have become less noticeable. For instance, it has decreased the tension that is so conducive to riotous situations, and has shown a marked decrease in the amount of rule violations (infractions can result in loss of visiting privileges).

(Via The Courier)

FIRE HERO RELEASED

SAN QUENTIN, Calif. (UPI): — A convicted burglar who holds a Carnegie Medal for bravery was freed from prison on condition that he find a job.

Robert A. La Chapelle, who rescued four children from a burning garage in 1961 and landed in jail nine months later, was paroled with the requirement that he find work and report to the California Adult Authority monthly for two years.

La Chapelle received the medal and the \$750. that goes with it for repeatedly dashing into the blazing garage in Newark, Calif., in 1961 to rescue four children trapped in a car.

He suffered severe burns over 70 per cent of his body as the result of the rescue.

On Aug. 23, 1962, he was arrested for stealing six cases of whiskey from an Orinda, Calif., liquor store.

He told police he had participated in the burglary because he owed plastic surgeons \$6,000 and needed an additional \$20,000 for more surgery.

ONE TO FOUR HOLIDAYS

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN: Frequent Classification meetings are required in all prisons of this country. Every inmate is granted at least one furlough during his incarceration period—some get as many as four furloughs a year.

ASK LAW CHANGE

A Colorado official is asking for a change in that state's laws which prohibit the hiring of ex-cons.

"If we are going to ask private employers to hire former convicts then we should be able to do it ourselves," said Colorado Civil Service Commissioner William R. Welsh. Colorado state law presently prohibits the hiring of parolees or persons on probation.

Harry S. Tinsley, warden and chief of corrections at the Colorado Penitentiary, recently said, "Every time we turn a former convict down when he asks for a job, we may be turning him back to crime." Warden Tinsley also said that citizens should be willing to hire former convicts on the basis of their qualifications.

Commissioner Welsh states that he would urge Colorado Governor Love to consider legislation to allow the state to employ ex-convicts.

Governor Love indicated that he would consider Welsh's suggestion "with interest."

"It doesn't seem consistent," the Governor said "that we urge private employers to hire former convicts and not abide by it ourselves on the state level."

Iowa law does not prohibit the employment of ex-cons in most instances.

(Via The Presidio)

POLICE CAN'T QUESTION MEN

A Federal Court has ordered an injunction barring police from questioning a prisoner outside the presence of his attorney. This Court's opinion read, "The United States Supreme Court has made it clear that a person formally accused of a criminal offence is entitled to the aid of counsel at every stage of the criminal procedure."

(Via The Lens)

THE TWELVE MEN

—G.K. CHESTERTON

1874 — 1936



"The Twelve Men" first appeared in Tremendous Trifles and other Essays, published by Methuen & Co., Ltd., London, England, 1909.

The other day, while I was meditating on morality and Mr. H. Pitt, I was, so to speak, snatched up and put into a jury box to try people. The snatching took some weeks, but to me it seemed something sudden and arbitrary. I was put into this box because I lived in Battersea, and my name began with a C. Looking around me, I saw that there were also summoned and in attendance in the court whole crowds and processions of men, all of whom lived in Battersea, and all of whose names began with a C.

It seems that they always summon jurymen in this sweeping alphabetical way. At one official blow, so to speak, Battersea is denuded of all its C's, and left to get on as best it can with the rest of the alphabet. A Cumber-patch is missing from one street—a Chizzolpop from another—three Chucksterfields from Chucksterfield House; the children are crying out for an absent Cadgerboy; the woman at the street corner is weeping for her Coffintop, and will not be comforted. We settle down with a rollicking ease into our seats (for we are a bold, devil-may-care race, the C's of Battersea), and an oath is administered to us in a totally inaudible manner by an individual resembling an Army surgeon in his second childhood. We understand, however, that we are to well and truly try the case between our sovereign lord the King and the prisoner at the bar, neither of whom has put in an appearance as yet.

Just when I was wondering whether the King and the prisoner were, perhaps, coming to an amicable understanding in some adjoining public house, the prisoner's head appears above the barrier of the dock; he is accused of

stealing bicycles, and he is the living image of a great friend of mine. We go into the matter of the stealing of bicycles. And we come to the conclusion, after a brief but reasonable discussion, that the King is not in any way implicated. Then we pass on to a woman who neglected her children, and who looks as if somebody or something had neglected her. And I am one of those who fancy that something had.

All the time that the eye took in these light appearances and the brain passed these light criticisms, there was in the heart a barbaric pity and fear which men have never been able to utter from the beginning, but which is the power behind half the poems of the world. The mood cannot even inadequately be suggested, except faintly by this statement that tragedy is the highest expression of the infinite value of human life. Never had I stood so close to pain; and never so far away from pessimism. Ordinarily, I should not have spoken of these dark emotions at all, for speech about them is too difficult; but I mention them now for a specific and particular reason to the statement of which I will proceed at once. I speak of these feelings because out of the furnace of them there came a curious realization of a political or social truth. I saw with a queer and indescribable kind of clearness what a jury really is, and why we must never let it go.

The trend of our epoch up to this time has been consistently towards specialism and professionalism. We tend to have trained soldiers because they fight better, trained singers because they sing better, trained dancers because they dance better, specially instructed laughers because they laugh better, and so on and so on. The principle has been applied to law and politics by innumerable modern writers. Many Fabians have insisted that a greater part of our political work should be performed by experts. Many legalists have declared that the untrained jury should be altogether supplanted by the trained judge.

Now, if this world of ours were really what is called reasonable, I do not know that there would be any fault to find with this. But the true result of all experience and the true foundation of all religion is this: That the four or five things that it is most practically essential that a man should know, are all of them what people call paradoxes. That is to say, that though we all find them in life to be mere plain truths, yet we cannot easily state them in words without being guilty of seeming verbal contradictions. One of them, for instance, is the unimpeachable platitude that the man who finds most pleasure for himself is often the man who least hunts for it. Another is the paradox of courage; the fact that the way to avoid death is not to have too much aversion to it. Whoever is careless enough of his bones to climb some hopeless cliff above the tide may save his bones by that carelessness. Whoever will lose his life, the same shall save it; an entirely practical and prosaic statement.

Now, one of these four or five paradoxes which should be taught to every infant prattling at his mother's knee is the following: That the more a man looks at a thing, the less he can see it, and the more a man learns a thing the less he knows it. The Fabian argument of the expert, that the man who is trained should be the man who is trusted, would be absolutely unanswerable if it were really true that a man who studied a thing and practiced it every day went on seeing more and more of its significance. But he does not. He goes on seeing less and less of its significance. In the same way, alas! we all go on every day, unless we are continually goading ourselves into gratitude and humility, seeing less and less of the significance of the sky or the stones.

Now, it is a terrible business to mark a man out for the vengeance of men. But it is a thing to which a man can grow accustomed, as he can to other ter-

rible things; he can even grow accustomed to the sun. And the horrible thing about all legal officials, even the best, about all judges, magistrates, barristers, detectives, and policemen, is not that they are wicked (some of them are good), not that they are stupid (several of them are quite intelligent), it is simply that they have got used to it.

Strictly they do not *see* the prisoner in the dock; all they see is the *usual* man in the *usual* place. They do not see the awful court of judgement; they only see their own workshop. Therefore, the instinct of Christian civilization has most wisely declared that into their judgements there shall upon every occasion be infused fresh blood and fresh thoughts from the streets. Men shall come in who can see the court and the crowd, and the coarse faces of the policemen and the professional criminals, the wasted faces of the wastrels, the unreal faces of the gesticulating counsel, and see it all as one sees a new picture or a play hitherto unvisited.

Our civilization has decided, and very justly decided, that determining the guilt or innocence of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men. When it wishes for light upon that awful matter, it asks men who know no more law than I know, but who can feel the things that I felt in the jury box. When it wants a library catalogued, or the solar system discovered, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done which is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the Founder of

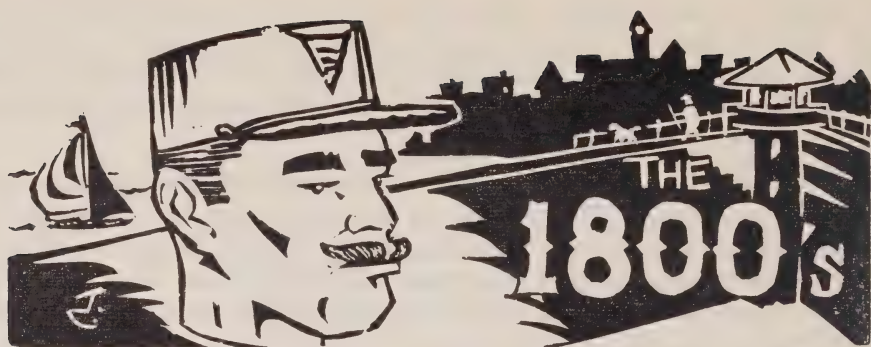
A FRIENDLY EAR

A curse is placed upon a friend
If once an ear you fail to lend;
When he would bear a secret fear
Which is so potent when so near;
But if you'd listen, hear him out
This force would lose its devilish pout.

A thing repressed will grow, will steep
When hidden in the depths of sleep;
Won't die when cast from bearers sight
Beneath the conscious line of light.
However, if returned he'd see,
Its weakness in reality.

So if a friend would seek to gain
This seldom used released from pain;
Come, help him rout the terror out;
For fear pervades and you, don't sneer!
Might search your friends for such an ear.

—Tony Davis.



The Warden's Diary

1847

—Wayne McKinney

From out of the past—from the time when Kingston Penitentiary served what was known as Upper Canada—comes a day from another century. Each month, the TELESCOPE brings you excerpts from the Warden's Diary. The only changes from the original book, are the Officer's names

I delivered the keys to Keeper Jamieson at six o'clock this morning, and noted that Mr. Frame arrived this morning on time for the bell ringing. I attended to the opening of the prison and saw the convicts to the breakfast tables. After breakfast I had to send Mr. Smith to town to get some hay, oats, and some food for hogs..... After seeing Mr. Smith on his way, I visited the hospital to inquire about convict Hennison who I believe is pretending illness so that he will not have to report to his work. However, the doctor does not think this. I disagree with him, as this man is full of trickery and has caused a great deal of confusion in this institution over the past three years.

Between nine and ten o'clock, I attended to the punishment book. Apparently, as reported to me by Keeper

Smith, last night between six and seven o'clock, convict Davis was disturbing the whole prison by singing songs from the dark cell in which he had been placed for ten days, because he had been whistling in his cell last Sunday. I went over to hear him as he was again at his singing this morning. Indeed, it was terribly noisy. I immediately ordered that he be gagged and handcuffed. He remained quiet after Keeper Smith struck him with his baton, but later to-day, he pleaded that he would be quiet if the gag could be removed. I attended to this at once. This man Davis has become insane and it seems that this is the only way that he can be handled. Secondly, I had conversation with our seemingly periodic, trouble-and-mischief makers.

John Woods, convict number 4157 had a pen and ink in his cell. I settled this with four meals on bread and water and three nights without his bed. James White, 4077, was reported to have had tobacco in his cell. I ordered him to be punished with four meals of bread and water. Next was J. Brown, convict number 3557, for willingly cutting his finger very badly to enable him to attain admittance

to the hospital. Brown would do literally anything to get out of work. This is my opinion of him. Five meals on bread and water and forced to work twice as hard as was his habit; he will also go without his bed for five nights. Harry Wilbor, 4062, was washing his hands without liberty in the shop. This is his second offence and so he will spend seven days in the dark cell. Convict 3679, Robert Ruby was idling and not working hard enough. He will receive one dozen lashes with the cats for he is a trouble-maker.

Ned Davis, 4379, did less work yesterday than he did the day before. For this he will receive two dozen lashes, one week on bread and water and also the water treatment. He must be taught that we will not tolerate laziness.

John Scott was discovered reading a newspaper in his cell and for this he will lose his candle for two months, bread and water for two weeks, and spend two days in the dark cell.

I next visited the female prison to attend to the female punishment book.

Sara Conulley, for going to prayers in the morning with her hard shoes on, was punished with two meals bread and water and one night without her bed. Jane Hannigan apparently had a large piece of soap in her possession and was washing in her cell; she received a punishment of two meals bread and water and one day in the dark cell.

Back at the male prison, after breakfast, I gave Mr. Hawley directions to see that convicts Sullivan and Gould not be seated together as I am informed that on several occasions that they have had communication. Both men are very dangerous and are in on long sentences.

After dinner I visited the dark cells and had conversation with convict Juben and cautioned him to carry on quietly. This is another prisoner acting like a madman. Juben alleges that the devil is continually urging him to make away with himself and all other sinners. If several of these men are permitted to impersonate lunatics, the

institution will soon be in a dangerous state.

Convicts Jephio Dubal and Leo Miles were both cautioned this day, (action from an informer) about endeavourment to causing mutiny among the convict population.

While attending to see the convicts to their suppers, I approached convict Foussant for stealing a hammer out of the shop and giving it to Guard Murray. Foussant admits to stealing the hammer and also that he has been in the habit of doing so for several of the guards in the past; he named them all. I shall have to take a count on the tools tomorrow to see what quantity is missing. There will be trouble over this.

Also at supper, I spoke with convict Owen Coulan who had refused to go back to his work after dinner. He was threatened with the dark cell and cats before he decided it best to go. He will be given extra work from here on in. This appears to be a very gloomy and dubious character.

On this day, His Excellency the Governor General visited the Penitentiary. Accompanying him, we visited the cells, shops and hospital. He seemed most pleased with the conditions here.

I saw the convicts marched to their cells after their suppers and attended to the lock up.

I went to my quarters and attended to the writing of two letters. One to George Handley Esq. about a certain amount of money taken from one of the convicts on his arrival; the other to Mr. Johnstone Esq. to inquire of a delayed request, unacknowledged, to be granted some currency to purchase an amount of winter clothing for the convicts.

I visited the both prisons at nine o'clock this evening. I cautioned Mr. Smith, Mr. Jameson and Mr. Cooper about the attending to their hourly checks on the prisoners, and generally ignoring their duties.

All was reported quiet, so I returned to my quarters at nine o'clock and ten minutes and went to my bed.

TELESCOPE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12				13			14			
15				16			17			
18				19				20		
21	22			23		24				
25	26			27		28		29	30	31
32				33		34		35		
36				37		38		39		
40				41		42				
43	44	45		46		47		48	49	50
51			52					53		
54				55				56		
57				58				59		

ACROSS

- 1. Owl cry
- 5. Male
- 8. Alex. Graham
- 12. French fireplace
- 13. Fuss
- 14. Great lake
- 15. Horse colour
- 16. Bull fighters
- 18. Tame animal
- 19. Insect
- 20. Took a seat
- 21. Greek letter
- 23. To steep
- 25. Flower shops
- 28. Posts
- 32. Country
- 33. Fix beforehand
- 35. To cut
- 36. Something in favour
- 38. Fish
- 40. Knock
- 42. Relax
- 43. Consume
- 46. Water Lily (Egypt)
- 48. Actress Lupino
- 51. Fishing vessels
- 53. To scoff
- 54. African River
- 55. Young child
- 56. Article
- 57. Beverages
- 58. Street (abbr.)
- 59. Retrieves

DOWN

- 1. Stringed instruments
- 2. Western Indian
- 3. Set speeches
- 4. Decade
- 5. Bats
- 6. First man
- 7. Short letters
- 8. Bottom of sea or water
- 9. God of love
- 10. Italian coin
- 11. For fear that
- 17. Small particle
- 18. Greek letter
- 22. Command
- 24. Agos
- 25. State (abbr.)
- 26. Vagas
- 27. Stitch
- 29. Introduces
- 30. Man's nickname
- 31. Segregation (abbr.)
- 34. Lunges (fencing)
- 37. Lofty
- 39. Suffix
- 41. Bards
- 43. Mount
- 44. Dry
- 45. Story
- 47. Steady pace
- 49. An assembly court
- 50. Means of showing pity
- 52. Man's nickname
- 53. Dress



THE MARKED MAN

(From *THE PELICAN* as condensed from John Foster's article in *DIXIE MAGAZINE*)

The typical tattooed man is marked for trouble. "He takes longer to grow up than the rest of us," says Dr. Boyd K. Lester, Psychiatrist at Tulane University Medical School. "These boys really put their thoughts into action. You might be tempted to give the boss a fat lip; the tattooed fellow is apt to get up and do it."

Dr. Lester is not talking about any single individual with a tattoo, but rather about the typical tattooed man.

Dr. Lester, in cooperation with Dr. Joe Yamamoto of the University of Southern California, and psychologist William Seeman, Ph.D., of the University of Cincinnati, made a study comparing the tattooed man with his unmarked fellows. The trio studied the male patients at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

The following was the result of their findings:

1. The tattooed man has been divorced three times as often as the unmarked man.
2. He has been court-martialed three

times as often.

3. He has been arrested for drinking and fighting twice as often.

4. He has more frequent service connected injuries.

5. He was more frequently truant from school and arrested more often as a youth.

The typical tattooed man, says Dr. Lester, lacks deep emotional response; is unable to profit from experience; disregards social standards. He lies more frequently, he steals more frequently and is more addicted to alcohol than the unmarked man.

Tattoo comes from the Tahitian word "tatu", derived from "ta", meaning "mark". Among the Polynesians this art reached a high degree of development. The practice has since spread all over the world.

One researcher says it probably began with the ancient custom of slashing oneself to show grief over the loss of a tribal chief or loved one. Then probably colored matter was introduced into the cuts to make a permanent record of past grief.

The Bible prohibits the practice. (Lev. 19:28. "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you.")

The fact that the tattooed man has such a high divorce rate indicates he has more trouble getting along with women than the unmarked man has. The fact that he has more court-martials and service-connected injuries indicates that he is something of a liability.

The investigation uncovered no real difference in the educational level of the tattooed man and the control group man.

They learned also, that the tattooed man was no more likely to wind up in a psycho ward than the unmarked man.

The investigators found most of the subjects got tattooed between the ages

of 17 and 21.

Asked whether they were sober, drinking, or drunk when they got tattooed, 41.5% said they were sober, 35.5% said they were drinking and the rest of the 23% wouldn't say.

Why did they get tattooed? The most frequent answers were: "acting upon an impulse," "to impress my girl," and some said, "just drunk."

"The point is, however, that the reasons they gave are not necessarily the truth," Dr. Lester says. The tattoo seems to have become the symbol of masculine status in North American thinking—in the same manner as was the saber scar of Heidelberg, or the eye-patch of the pirate, or sailor, of the olden days.

"The tattooed man," says Dr. Lester, "aspires to hypermasculinity."

WOMEN and MATCHES

Women and matches are one of the same
 When you're looking about for a catch
 At first when you see 'em they look near alike
 But soon you are picking your match.

You're picking your match from the match-box of life
 And some of 'em jump with a start
 That rattles your senses and gets on your nerves
 But ne'er lights the spark in your heart.

And some of 'em never respond to your touch
 Their sulphur's a mixture of glass
 And some of 'em jump with a shower of sparks
 That shatters your heart as they pass.

And some of them light with a blinding glare
 That makes you blink your startled eyes
 But the flame dies out and leaves you cold
 As the grey in the eyes of the wise

But some of 'em's blue as the heaven is blue
 Who burn with undying flame
 That brightens your life till the end of your days
 And makes of your morrows the same.

—Dennis Pilon.



Rehabilitation In An English Prison

Dr. J.T.L. James

Wandsworth Prison in London England is a maximum security institution housing some 1,500 recidivists. Its buildings are old, representing and incorporating those penal concepts which happily are being avoided in the construction of new prisons. Yet within this unlikely setting operates a pre-release program which has passed beyond the experimental stage and is now serving as a model for others.

For some five years now, H. and K. Wings of Wandsworth Prison have been set aside for a special rehabilita-

tion scheme. Although the one hundred and fifty men they accommodate represents only 10% of the total inmate population, these selected inmates participate in a program which has achieved considerable success in its aims. These aims have been, on the highest level, complete rehabilitation and the fullest integration into society of those involved. On the lowest level, men who have served a number of previous terms in prison are at least helped to stay out for longer periods, or perhaps, to remove violence from their particular pattern of crime.

Far from excluding outsiders, H & K welcomes interested visitors, literally hundreds ranging from foreign prison officials, members of parliament, entertainment and sports personalities, to prospective employers, passing through in the course of a year.

Internally, H & K Wings are inmate-governed. Under the leadership of the Organizer (whose Report furnishes much of the information for this article), Clubs and Groups meet to carry on activities of their choice. So great has been the development of these activities that their membership has to be limited and their schedules carefully co-ordinated due to the limitations of time and space. The Organizer's Office looks after making contacts with outside speakers at the request of the clubs and enjoys the fullest cooperation of the staff in making all arrangements.

Every second weekend, Club Chairmen and Secretaries meet with the Organizer to discuss internal affairs and arrangements. Colloquially known as "moan and groan" sessions, these are most important to the smooth running of the Wings. Sometimes attended also by the Governor of the Wings, these sessions discuss policy, planning, criticisms, club discipline and any other matters which can be dealt with constructively by those concerned for the more satisfactory rehabilitation of all.

Group Study

Some nine groups of eight members each meet weekly in H Wing. Under a leader chosen from among the members, the group studies and discusses a Group Study Handbook designed to stimulate the individuals to look at themselves, their attitudes and problems, and their outlook on life. Over a period of time such discussion effectively knocks "chips" off shoulders and starts many a man back towards a realistic view of himself, his fellows, and the world both inside and outside the prison walls.

Experienced group members are used to form the nucleus of new ones as the need arises, and an attempt is being made to introduce the group program into "The Main", that is, the other wings of the prison. It has proved possible and certainly desirable to incorporate prison officers into groups, not in an official capacity nor as leaders, but merely as members, fellow-men who have basically the same interests and concerns as the inmates. The fact that officers can be successfully integrated into such an open and free activity speaks very highly of the character and calibre of the prison personnel.

Debating Group

Formal debating is far removed from normal inmate arguing and discussing, yet H & K debaters now challenge Oxford, Cambridge and London University debating teams and have met with some success. As well as many internal debates, the group has entertained many guests including Judges. More than most, this group has encouraged hitherto inarticulate men to express themselves with some confidence and so communicate effectively.

Chaplains' Groups

The full-time Chaplains participate to a greater or lesser extent in many of the group activities and in addition have their own groups which are primarily oriented towards religious discussion and instruction, and the implications of the Christian religion for living in general and rehabilitation in particular.

Toymakers Group

With very limited resources less than a dozen men produced over 300 toys, both hard and soft, the first year, and the program has grown steadily since. The toys are handed over before Christmas to the Mayor of Wandsworth for distribution. A number of manufacturers, learning of the project, supply the group with cloth and mater-

ials and the men in the Wings contribute by collection from their earnings to buy special requirements. One of the most useful and satisfying projects, its therapeutic value is obvious.

The men of H & K Wings have also "adopted" the children of a spastic ward in a hospital and also some in a Home and send them both toys and candy.

Recording for the Blind

Although this project has not expanded as it well might, men in their spare time use a cell specially set aside and wired for the purpose to record text books for a College for the Blind. There are good indications that this work will expand in the future with the provision of additional facilities.

Week-End Voluntary Work

Nearly every weekend between three and six men have been paroled on Saturdays and Sundays to work with the International Voluntary Service work camps, and several other organizations. The men involved are selected from those having only a few months left to serve and are approved by the Governor. They travel in prison clothing, taking work clothes and a lunch. Transportation and all supervision is done by the outside organization. Over a four year period 286 men participated in the program, working 1184 man-days on 132 weekends, working on 53 different projects. These have involved laying foundations for the extension of an old people's home, painting and decorating flats and houses of individual old and handicapped people, doing similar work for Settlements and other Associations, building children's playgrounds, renovating premises for a hostel for discharged prisoners.

The work done has been hard, some of it requiring special skills. The men participating have derived considerable benefit. They have gained confidence and have worked with people who have accepted them in a natural

and friendly way as fellow-workers on a project of social value. Useful work has been done for people in need and the men have had an opportunity to give something to society.

Interest Groups

There are four main Clubs—photographic, motor, travel, and sportsmen—all of which hold a variety of activities from quizzes to outside speakers and films. In addition to these four are the Record Club, Chess Club and Music Group, the latter of which has cooperated with a Drama Class to produce concerts.

The H & K magazine *Better Times* is a mimeographed production but incorporates a wide range of entertaining and educational articles as well as reports on athletic, group and club activities.

Discharge Group

A month before his release a man attends a discharge group. At this meeting he is given a list of addresses and telephone numbers, so that should he wish to do so if in trouble or need of advice after release, he can then contact somebody immediately. This has proved a valuable link in the first difficult weeks of freedom when a man is unsure, not only of himself, but also of the reaction of other people to him.

A list of employers is kept in the office of the Organizer, and extra letters are allowed as are special visits by prospective employers. No man leaving, H & K need be without a job and accommodation.

Recidivists Anonymous

"R.A." was formed as a self-help group for the difficult post-release period and to be a nucleus of an eventual network of ex-prisoners willing to help others as they came out. Being aware of the inherent dangers of such a scheme, R.A. has limited its membership and carefully screened applicants. Sincerity, maturity of outlook, and wil-

continued — page 26



A little bit of Texas as the bucking barrel left a trail of sore thighs and a rush on the liniment supply.



Big Benny Corcoran and Red Cummings were the finishing horses in the Pillow Fight; Simmons and Pilon the jockeys.

FIELD

SEPTEMBER



Big Mike Duquesne set a new record, clearing the bar of the most exciting we were wondering how he went! Mike also set a new record dash. He later won Cleveland and Wiesbaden 380 relay.



Duquesne and Cleveland set a new record for a relay race, a throng of cheering

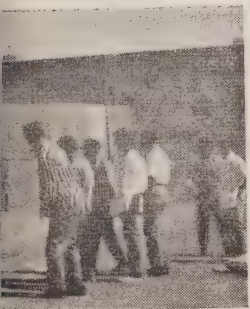
DAY

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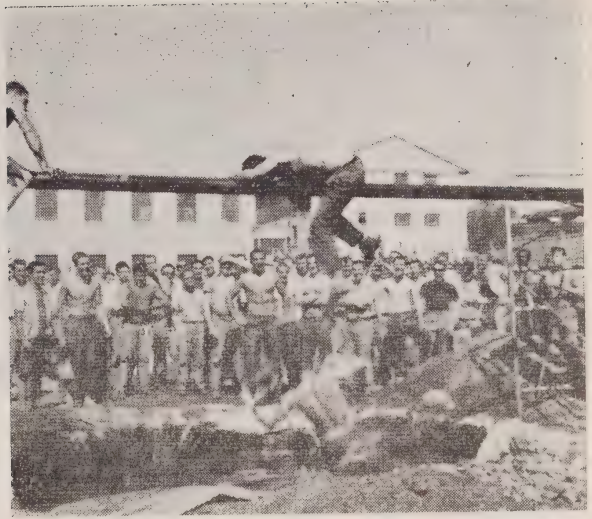
Vince Mulligan



the old High Jump
7". This was one
of the afternoon and
this guy really couldn't
the Hurdles and 220
the team Coates,
new record in th



ing for the wire, with
rs rooting them on.



The greasy pole was the most hilarious event,
there were a lot of grimy individuals left over.
Here's one guy getting himself into a Helluva mess.



Ernie Coates, K.P.'s most outstanding athlete
and winner of the coveted silver cup which repre-
sents the Athlete of the Day. Coates tallied 38
points with six wins in nine events and placing
second in the other three. Coates shattered four
institutional records. His Discus Throw of 124' 8"
surpassed the old mark by 20'. He ran the 75 yard
dash in 8 seconds flat; Broad Jump: 18' 9"; Hop
Step & Jump: 41' 10". In all these events Coates
has set a new institutional record!

Telescoping Sports



— Vince Mulligan

AH! TO BE BACK IN THE LAND OF DIXIE BECAUSE, BABY IT'S COLD OUTSIDE!!

Although it's snowing and blowing and Santa has been and gone and a new year is rolling in it's been a great year for sports and the future outlook is brighter.

The finale of this year's baseball schedule reached it's climax with the Saint's copping the Allen Congress Trophy. The ending of the Baseball season was only the beginning of a sport filled recreation programme.

FOOTBALL 1964.....

Elections were held to select a football and soccer commissioner and managers for the teams, these were the final results;

FOOTBALL & SOCCER COMMISSIONER: Vince Mulligan

FOOTBALL MANAGERS: Murray Palmer, Fred Sweet, Red Milne.

SOCCER MANAGERS: Berger, Sullivan and Hobday

Names of teams selected showed colour and originality, Freddy Sweet appropriately chose the Roughriders as the name for his team for at this stage of the season the Roughriders have played 9 games losing only 1.

Murray Palmer selected the Marauders as the name of his team. Marauders handed the Roughriders their only defeat to date.

Red Milne chose to call his team the Rams and at present they're trying to ram their way up the ladder from last-place standing in the league.

THREE OUTSTANDING SELECTIONS FOR PLAYER OF THE YEAR.

"WIZZARD" ARNETT BOB "LEGS" EBY

"DIPSY DOODLE" DOYLE

Eby's ability to catch the long-ball and outrun and out-think the defenders has earned him the title of the man to catch, on the field and in the scoring race, Eby now has 101 points to his credit. With 16 touchdowns, 1 convert 1 running convert, 1 safety touch.



The fifty-pound Sultans of Swast, the victorious White Sox team.

A visit by two teams of the Kings Court Tyke League in the past season supplied entertainment for the inmate body. It was the White Sox versus the Tigers..... a memorable visit for both of the teams ending with the White Sox defeating the favoured Tigers.

Pete "Wizzard" Arnett started the season with Murray's Marauders, his defensive maneuvers were a great asset to the Marauders, since then Pete has joined the Roughrider ranks and his hard blocking and broken-field running is one of the reasons why the Roughriders are at the top of the league.

Cliff "Dipsy Doodle" Doyle, captain of the Marauders is second highest scorer in the league and is ranked with Eby and Arnett because of his ability to come through with the touchdown pass when he literally seems surrounded by defenders.

Kudos aren't restricted in this league, if we were to select the toughest and heaviest line we'd have to go along with the Ram's wall of Russell, Fraser, Scott, Geauvreau, Martin, Sheppard and Charboneau. These guys are in the



The Tamed Tigers.

centre of the action fighting and playing to win. The Ram's haven't gotten off the ground yet but their spirit is undaunted. Quarter-backs Milne and Duquesne are re-shuffling their back-field in preparation for the playoffs.

Marauders stalwarts are admirably represented by Cookie Wyse, Doug Kruse, Mike Burns and Murray Palmer. This granite wall is backed up by the feet-feet of Bobby McKnight, Mert DeCouch, and Ronnie Druce. Kenny Bowman is piloting the club from the quarterback slot. These men along with the other members of the team have a common goal; that is to shatter the Roughriders dreams of victory. But the Roughriders have a bit to say about this; the battering line of Bigelow, Hodgins, Rhiness, Olden and White are determined to keep the Marauders and Rams from getting too close to their front door. Roughriders backfield of Eby, Coates, Sweet, Page and Yorkie are backing up their linemen's determination.

The next issue of your Telescope will be bringing you the news of the playoff games, a complete Soccer coverage and a Floor Hockey round-up.

A STREAM OF SOFTLY FALLING RAIN

Two

Poems

Dusty sidewalks, streets and trees,
Shining faces soon to gain;
As clouds omit with sighing heaves,
A stream of softly falling rain.

Nature's cleaner colours not,
But seeks to scour as soap on pane;
Her tools? Not brush with water hot,
A stream of softly falling rain.

All things now gleaming, clouds to rest
Her hot round eye open again;
What made this beauty manifest?
A stream of softly falling rain.

—Tony Davis

POEMS FROM G TO E

Letters may come, letters may go
But yours my darling make me glow
And if some days I don't get one
My heart feels like it weighs a ton
So don't stop writing every day
And don't forget to always say
I still love you—so don't feel blue
Till then my love I'm missing you.

And if our love were not to be
There'd be no place on earth for me
For I belong to you alone
And need your hand upon my own
For me, I'll go along like now
And never care the where or how
Just live my life from day to day
And seeing only skies of gray.

My love for you I can't explain
At present it is mostly pain
While you sit lonely in your cell
My life, too dear, is just a shell
But see ahead, the distant light
Where happiness is burning bright
And there our dreams will all come true
'Cause you love me and I love you.

(*Letters from an inmates wife*)

Rehabilitation in an English Prison — (continued)

lingness to contribute even while still inside has resulted in a solid core of members outside.

R.A. is a recognized Club within H & K, and on the outside has acquired a house to serve both as a headquarters and as a hostel for those members needing it from time to time. Inside Wandsworth a fund has been built up by members' contributions and the amount raised has been doubled by the Royal London Discharged Prisoners Aid Society. The fund makes it possible to give a grant of five pounds (\$15) to needy members on discharge.

Wives' Group

This highly important group achieves a solid, practical purpose with a minimum of fuss and avoids all the inevitable formality of an official aid agency. After visiting their men folk, wives, mothers, and children can gather every Wednesday in a nearby Church Hall for a chat and a cup of tea. Here, with each other and with a small number of trained volunteers they can discuss their mutual problems and attitudes. The particular value of the wives' group lies in its informality.

Conclusion:

Five years' experience has convinced the authorities of Wandsworth Prison,

and many others in the English penal system that the programme of H & K Wings is a great success. It tackles the perennial inmate problems of apathy, institutionalization, resentment and ignorance in a balanced and realistic way, not by entertainment, education, or activity alone, but by a judicious combination of all. Utilizing outside talent and inside leadership and talent, with prison personnel participating on as nearly equal footing as possible, the scheme develops its participants to the point that they can function not only within H & K Wings but outside the prison as well. In a word, it gives "Purpose" to prison.

As one inmate put it:

I say this as a recidivist; we are tough material to work on, we are used to taking the line of least resistance, we are arrogant and we are selfish. Yet the bulk of us do wish to lead normal lives, and although weak and in need of support, many could be rehabilitated.

There is no one simple "answer" to the problems of prisons, let alone of prisoners, but the imaginative programme of Wandsworth Prison's H & K Wings certainly gives 150 of its inmates at a time a much better chance of "making it" when they are released.

FINED TWO CENTS

Olathe, Kan.—Ronald Keeper, 28, pleaded guilty to driving his truck 52 m.p.h. in a 50 m.p.h. zone.

Magistrate William S. Allen told the prosecutor he didn't want to see another similar case in his court. He fined Keeper 2 cents and added: "Thats just what I think of this case."

Keeper said he didn't have the money. He had to leave a paycheck with the court clerk as security until he got the 2 cents.



MONEY

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

—Skip Irving

If out of the clear blue someone asked you "What is money?" what would you answer? The question seems simple enough, but upon some reflection we find that there is no really simple answer. By money, economists usually mean anything that is (1) passed from hand to hand in payment for commodities and service, and (2) regularly taken with the intention of offering it in payment to others, and (3) customarily received without assay or other official test of quality or quantity and (4) received without reference to our reliance upon the personal credit of the one who offers it.

Legally, money is that which may be used in payment of a legal debt. Our term for this is "legal tender".

The usual definition of the function of money is that it is a medium of exchange, a measure of value, a standard of deferred payment, and a store of value.

When gold is money, we acquire it, not for itself, but because we can use it as a means of obtaining anything salable that we happen to need. Food is one of life's necessities—if you ate your gold you would, no doubt, get indigestion—apart from this it tastes rather metallic and is not recommend-

ed by most gourmands. What should be done is to trade the gold for something like a salami sandwich. This might also give you indigestion, but if you chew it well....

From earliest times, shells have formed one of the simplest and most universal kind of adornment. Strings of cowries or porcelain shells have been universally esteemed, portable and durable and, as such, have been used widely for money. They come from a small mollusk found in the shallow spots of the Indian Ocean and were used by the inhabitants of that geographical area, which is washed by its waters. They constituted what was probably the first money in the world. The last stand of the cowry was made on the West Coast of Africa where it was still in general use as money near the turn of the century. It has since given way to the advance of the monies of commercial nations.

In the country of Melanesia, pigs were used side by side with cowries but were not exactly money. They were used only for minor things such as payment of fines, penalties, contributions to feasts, fees in the secret society and, most minor of all, payment for wives.

In Malaita, porpoise teeth were the favourite kind of money; in Fiji, whale's teeth were employed as currency: red teeth were highly prized and are worth twenty times the value of white teeth. In the Santa Cruz Islands, feathers are highly valued and men of these islands used them to buy their wives. We civilized people here in North America don't spend money buying wives. We marry by mutual consent and let them spend the money for us. I'm not sure which system I would prefer. In either case you can be sure that our pocket will get lighter.

In much of the ancient Europe of Homer's day, cattle were the usual medium of exchange, whence came the Latin word "*pecunia*", (money, from "*pecus*", cattle). In our own language, the word cattle or "*chattel*", has come to include all personal property. In the Zend-Avesta, the payment of physicians was calculated in the same way, but comparatively few realize that when we pay our doctor his fee, we are doing the same thing. For our word "*fee*" is the "*vich*", which in German, still retains the sense of cattle. The Ossetes of the Caucasus until recently were employing the cow as their unit of value, the prices of all commodities being stated in cows. The ox was worth two cows and a cow worth ten sheep.

China has had a wide variety of currency; they have had money made of tin, lead, iron and even baked earth on which figures and characters were imprinted. They have used cowries and tortoise shells, agricultural implements, small tools and even knives as their unit of currency. The world's first paper or parchment money was issued in 149 B.C. in China, although coins covered with leather or parchment were used in Carthage three centuries earlier.

Metals used systematically as money were not first used in the form of coins, but were ingots which ultimately came to be stamped with seals; the ingots became smaller, and coins were the result. Lydia, which was later absorbed by the Persian Empire, was the first of the western countries to introduce the act of coining gold and silver. They marked the beginning of the Greco-Roman monetary history.

The first coins of Lydia were produced not by the state, but by private coin-merchants. This period of private coinage was brought to an end when Gyges, who had himself been a coin-merchant and amassed great wealth, seized the crown. He eliminated all competition by claiming coinage as the prerogative of the King. The coins were first made of electrum, an amalgum of gold and silver, probably because the mixture was abundant in the country. Two hundred years later, King Croesus abandoned the electrum in favour of gold and silver coins separately.

The first settlers of New England came upon wampum in use among the natives as an article of adornment and a medium of exchange. It consisted of beads made from the inner whorls of certain shells found in sea water. The beads were polished and strung together in belts or sashes. They were black or white, black being double the value of the white. The early settlers fell into the habit of using it as money to trade for furs with the Indians. Beaver skins were widely used as money, but unlike wampum, which was used as currency only, they had an intrinsic value in themselves which was recognized in Europe so were therefore used for export rather than internal trade. The decline of the beaver trade brought wampum money into disrepute. When it ceased to be exchangeable in large sums for an article of international trade, the basis

of its value was gone. Moreover it was extensively counterfeited, and the white beads were often dyed black. This proves to me that where-ever there is value, there is somebody who will commit devious acts to get more than his share. When the Americans pushed west to California, they found Indians willing to pay as high as fifty dollars in gold for one string of wampum.

When California was invaded by gold-seekers, there were a few Mexican coins in circulation there, though not nearly sufficient to answer the needs of the growing population. The immigrants brought metallic money with them. The smaller coins were of many different countries, chiefly Spanish. For want of sufficient coins, the first trading was done largely with gold dust, sometimes by weighing it in scales, but mostly by guesswork. Naturally, people whose scruples were not of the highest ilk made extra profits. At a public meeting in San Francisco in 1948, it was resolved by unanimous vote that \$16.00 per ounce was a fair price for gold.

Further north, the blanket of the trader soon supplanted the beaver skin as the principal unit of currency. The blankets used in trade were distinguished by the points or marks on the edge, woven into their texture, the best being four-point, the poorest, one-point. The acknowledged unit of trade was a single two and a half point blanket. Everything was referred to

this unit, and even a large four-point blanket was said to be worth so many "blankets".

In 1670, Massachusetts's law declared that corn and cattle were the equivalent of money. Rhode Island allowed wool to be used for money in 1674. South Carolina allowed rice as legal tender as late as 1720, while sugar, rum, molasses, indigo and skins all served as money at different times and in different localities. Tobacco was the local currency of Virginia.

In 1781, the U.S. Congress organized its first national bank. It was called the Bank of North America. It was the reform work of Alexander Hamilton in 1790 that led the system of banking in America to its ultimate success. It exerted a powerful influence on behalf of a sound currency. In the years to follow many changes took place, but the end result was the system of currency now used and is a leader throughout the world.

Today's dollar is described as a specified quantity of gold. In 1933, the coinage of gold was stopped in Canada and U.S.A. and all gold was held by the Treasury as bullion. This made it illegal for anyone to have gold. Each paper dollar held by a person was in effect a debt to them by the government which gave their promise to pay. This is true today, so if you have any paper dollars, the government is in your debt to the amount of money you hold.

POETRY

LOVE FOR YOU

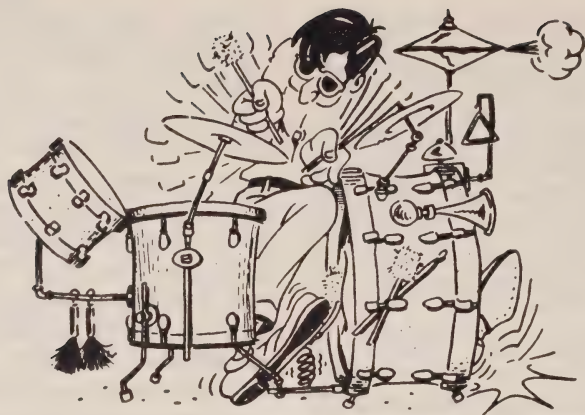
Green is the valley,
Blue is the sky,
And my love for you,
Will never die.
No matter what happens,
Between now and then,
My love for you,
Will never end.

by

R. Druce

THE FIRST TIME

The first time I saw you,
I had to look twice,
The first time you spoke,
I knew you were nice
The first time we danced,
I knew you were fine,
The first time we kissed,
I knew you were mine.



The Rhythm Room

John Copley

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

The annual Christmas Concert was presented on the 19th of the month in the gymnasium and it turned out to be a rollicking fun filled show. With only a few hours practice each day for two weeks, the participants put on a surprisingly good showing. The main director was **Don Antone**. He was assisted by **Bill Knight**, who supervised the western music, and "**Red Milne**" who supervised the rock n' roll.

There was quite a good turnout from the inmate population to witness this colourful spectacle and many of the staff attended also. The majority of the population was quite pleased with the performance and it left the prison with the proper Christmas spirit. To give a better idea of what happened, we will give you a description of the show.

The band opened up with the number "**Hey Look Me Over**," which introduced K.P.'s own M.C. **Whitey Houston** who did a terrific job throughout the show. The second number was the familiar sound of the "**Can-Can**."

Members of the band who took part were **Don Antone** on trumpet, **Harry Monk** on tenor sax, **Bill Mulette** on alto sax, **Ken Camponi** on piano, **Wally Johnston** and **Ken Feltham** on guitars, **Al Thayer** on bass, and **John Hartford** on the drums.

The band came up with the **Latin-American Rhythm** of "**Green Eyes**" and everybody began to get into the swing of things. **Ray Chateauvert** came on next, singing in a clear tenor voice with an old favourite "**Danny Boy**." The audience wouldn't let him leave the stage without an encore so he sang "**The Loveliest Night Of The Year**." The applause was deafening. **Don Flint** followed with his tap-dancing routine to the swing of "**Guitar Boogie Shuffle**" and again the audience was yelling for an encore so the guitars struck up a new beat and **Don** obliged. This was followed by **Don Antone**, who did a terrific job of soloing "**San Francisco**." The inmate audience was very pleased with his rendition of the song.

Paul Brennan, the left-handed guitarist, also pleased the audience with his playing and singing of **"Memories Are Made Of This."**

Pete Cholette began this stage of the proceedings with three old country favourites, **"Fraulein," "You Are The One,"** and **"Pick Me Up On Your Way Down."** When the curtain dropped and the applause died away, **Whitey Houston** and **"Red" Milne** did a small humorous skit on **"The Climate."**

Ken Feltham was next on the program with **"The Twelfth Street Rag"** which he picked out on his guitar. An encore was demanded by the inmates so **Ken** sang **"The Golden Rocket."** Again the cheers and shouts raised the roof **Billy Knight** and other members of the western group, **Dave Montgomery Lorne Brindley**, and **Ken Feltham** on guitar, were backed-up by the rhythm section of the **Pentones: Don Antone** on bass, **Ken Camponi** on piano, and **John Hartford** on drums. **Billy Knight** sang **"Mabellne"** and **"Memphis Tennessee,"** and **Dave Montgomery** sang **"Tips Of Your Fingers"** and **"Just Walk On By,"** followed by two instrumentals.

Whitey then came on again with a few jokes and ended up by introducing **Don Antone's** bassanova number, **"Dream".**

Then came on the rock 'n' rollers, featuring **Red Milne** and his group **Tony Green, Pat Barry, Dave Brault, John Tryon,** and **Ron Labovitch.** With **Sam Cleveland** making some **"Ringo"** faces at the audience; **Ken Camponi** sang **"Girl With The Red Dress On."** He also came on strong with **"Flip Flop-Fly."** **"Red" Milne** came on next singing **"Baby Rock To Night,"** a real swinging number. **Pat Barry** was next with **"Kansas City"** in a voice that could be heard downtown. He brought a lot of shouts and cheers from the audience. At the same time **John Tryon, "Red" Milne** and **Ron Labovitch** did a twist number that really had the audience laughing.

In the next act, **"Red" Milne, Dave Brault, Pat Barry,** and **Tony Green** nearly raised the roof when they did a **"Beatle"** hit **"Seventeen."** Half way through, the microphone went dead, but this didn't slow them down a bit. **Pat Barry** then did a lone number, **"Shake It Up Baby,"** which once more brought great applause. **John Tryon** and **Bill Long** then did a song **"Early In The Morning."**

Accompanied by the rock 'n' roll band came **Tony Green** singing **"I Got A Woman As Mean As She Can Be."** The microphone went dead again and the audience yelled and screamed. finally, half way through his song, **Tony** walked off the stage in disgust.

The curtain fell and **Whitey** came back on accompanied by the **Pentones** and sang **"I Didn't Want To Do It."**

One of the final hits of the afternoon was a fast beating solo on the drums by **John Hartford.** Apparently **John** has been practicing for two years, and it seems that all of his practice has paid off; he did a superb job of beating those skins

Whitey Houston completed the show with two of **Al Jolson's** old songs, **"Rock-A-Bye Your Baby"** and **"When You're Smiling,"** which earned him a great round of applause. Then once again the curtains fell bringing the end to another Christmas Concert.

We thank all of the participants for putting on a swinging show and bringing a little Christmas spirit into Kingston Penitentiary.



The Swindlers

—John Copley

Crooks use various ways to deprive people of their possessions. A swindler is, of course, one type of crook; one that uses words as tools to pry money out of the pockets of the unwary. He does not demand your money, but simply "double-talks" you into giving it to him. Many swindlers operate within the law and, unfortunately, only the foolish, or over-selfish ones break the legal rules and get caught. Other names for these people are: grifters, con-men, rogues, chislers, or racketeers. Swindler seems, more or less, to cover them all.

These type of crooks might work in any kind of business. They could be

barbers, butchers, bakers, druggists, or used-car salesmen; they may run a fly-by-night finance company, be an insurance salesman, own a mail-order business, or a termite-control company. Whatever their "fronts" are, you can be assured that they are out to give you nothing for your money, or as little as they can possibly get away with.

Armed with a loaded fountain pen, the little cons take hundreds and the big cons take thousands of dollars out of society's pocket each year.

Of course, not all businessmen, or salesmen are swindlers. Ninty per cent of the men and women who do any kind of work for a living are decent and trust-worthy human beings. However, it is a simple fact that many people do live as parasites and if you wish to save yourself money you should become well acquainted with them.

It is plain to see that all buyers run twice the risk of loss as the sellers when dealing with these kind of people. Swindlers who sell things, or promises of services, know this and it is their hidden secret. They are nearly certain that most prospective buyers are ignorant of the nature and value of the goods, or services extended to you. This makes swindling easier for them to do.

There is another basic fact encountered in nearly every swindle: there is always a little truth in the proposition of a swindler. This little truth is added to a big lie. The swindler brings out the truth in his "salespitch" more often than the lie, and makes people listen to it. Then nine times out of ten they buy.

Someone may offer you a free gift. It could be anything from a "sumonary of knowledge" which is part of an encyclopedia set, or a building lot in a real estate tract. Whatever it is, it is usually offered to a sucker for nothing. If he accepts it, he will soon find out that it is not as free as he would have liked.

There is also the principle of big returns for a little work. This is a link with home work schemes such

as addressing envelopes, knitting for profit, raising frogs, or mushrooms and so on. Do not believe it! If it was as good as the advertisements claim, the grifter would not sell it, but do the work himself. Here are a few samples of swindler's schemes which could very well happen to you:

1. The telephone may ring and you run to answer it. A pleasant woman's voice warbles, "I'm so happy for you. Congratulations! You have just won ten dollars credit."

"How?" you naturally ask.

"Why in a drawing," replies the lady on the phone. "Your name was picked out of the telephone book. Lucky you! A ten dollar credit, think of that!"

You then inquire, "Where is the credit?" You are not surprised for you know that similar contests are always going on, so you believe it.

The woman on the phone then says, "Why at any store where you have a credit account. Just tell me the names of the stores where you have credit and we mitfy them at once."

So you tell her and she hangs up. She has got all the information she needs.

The sweet-talking woman and, possibly, a friend will now charge goods on your account. They may either write a cheque on the account, forging your signature, or they may simply charge items to it. For a little while they are living better than you could ever afford to live, on your money!

2. Before buying a piece of land in the glamorous Hawaiian Islands, it is well to go and look at it first. Land quality varies widely everywhere. They may sell you marshy lands, or sandy lands, and then again, it might be well worth while. If you cannot afford an inspection trip you certainly cannot afford to buy Hawaiian land of any kind.

3. The modern version of the but-

cher weighing his thumb as he puts the meat on the scales has gained weight of its own. The same butcher, or maybe his son has been known to tie a string to the foot pedal. When the meat goes on the scales the pedal is slightly pressed so as to add a little weight to the total reading visible to the customer. This will not hurt you very much as an individual, but when you consider an extra 20 or 30 cents per customer it really adds at the end of the year. Be careful and watch for this!

4. "Dear Sir:" the letter begins properly and then goes on improperly, "Recently we received an order for pencils from a firm with a name similar to your's and in error we pulled your name from our files and ran through our production machines an order for 576 wood pencils with your name and address printed thereon.

"If you are able to use these pencils we will bill you at a discounted price of \$.04 each (\$1.00 for 25 pencils) or a total of \$23.00. We will also send you without cost a handsome ball-point pen with our compliments. This error was entirely ours, but if you wish to receive these pencils carrying your name at 25% off our regular price, please indicate your approval of shipment."

Here is a clever sales gimmick. Your pencils are printed after your order arrives at the company—not before. Legitimate? Yes.

There is at least two ways of course, to find out with whom you are dealing. Phone the Better Business Bureau in your city; they will give you the correct information 85 per cent of the time. Or, if he comes to your home, ask him the phone number of his main office. Phone them and if he is still at the door when you come back, he is probably "on the level"; if he is gone, then do not worry—he has left your house forever.

Sir Allan's Crusade

Al Dilby

This book it caught my eye at once, the title notwithstanding,
For I was want to up and leave, and go abroad romancing.
King or begger, knave or knight, it mattered not to me,
First page would solve and take me from this life I want to flee.

So by chance my role this day, a knight with problemed mind,
Stout of heart and honour written, as is betook his kind;
Sir Allan was the name that turned, no braver man than he,
His love for Lady Alice was much deeper than the sea.

Each tournament that came along, he vanquished all his foe,
His lance and sword were known throughout, no mercy did he show.
But nay it seems his joust with love, was far from yet a win,
To claim her hand, he had to slay a dragon name of sin.

This sin it seems was one of birth, no gentle-born our knight,
From jester, page, to squire, then sir, this task was quite a fight.
His manner was of pride by nature, little else he had,
'Twas just enough to make him strive, a future bright ahead.

No cure his Lady Alice had, it mattered naught to her,
Gentle, harsh, ignoble, fine, he set her heart a-stir.
With her Lord the trouble lay, stern about such matters,
And his wife, naught to see, her daughter wed to tatters.

So on his charger did he mount, ten hands and all white,
To bear the cross of Jesus, and the Infidel to fight.
Little did he know, as he travelled on his way,
That fame and all its riches, would be his only pay.

O'r the hills, 'cross the sea, he climbed and sailed along,
And 'ere he went, upon his lips, a bit of wine and song.
A song of love is what he mouthed, the red to ease his pain,
For love and pain are syn'mous, faint heart shall never gain.

Now back to our fair Lady, in her father's dumbjohn blue,
It held her like a dungeon, while she waited for some news.
The moon had rounded twice, since her lover took his leave,
Each night she prayed that he was safe and tried hard not to grieve.

Alas, alack, what could she do, fate seemed to intervene,
A boorish Lord of noble birth, had come upon the scene.
Her Lord 'n Lady took to him, for he had gold galore,
His record past reflected bright, the silver that he wore.

What chance our knight could have away, crusading for his Lord,
His courage, nay, 'twas not a match, neither was his sword;
For a foe must be in sight, to smote him to the ground,
And think ye not that Allan wouldn't, if he were around.

At the moment our good knight, was in a far-off land,
He knew not of the boor, and how he sought her hand.
His mind was took to other things, a Lady of delight,
With painted eyes, she hypnotised, our not so goodly Knight.

'Tis oft' said that men are men, when her lashes she does bat,
And moreso, still when she sways this way here and that.
Allan's eyes were fairly rolling, what else could he do?
He fought the mood, but lost and took her drink of deadly brew.

While thus entwined with femme 'n such, a rogue sneaked up on him,
Stole his charger, lance, and sword, then made off with a grin.
Such was the way that they made war, barbarous infidel,
Sir Allan swore he'd get them back, or see the man in Hell.

So off he went, but now afoot, seeking out his foe,
Leaving lust and such behind, his pride had took a blow.
Three days hence he trudged along, looking for a lead,
When all at once he came upon another's trusty steed.

He looked to here, he looked to there, but no one was in sight,
Gazooks! what luck, another mount, and no one here to fight.
So off he rode, but 'ere he went, he left a little gold,
For even tho he was at war, a thief was not his mould.

Now others took this road of fame, but injuries turned their mounts,
And to their court they headed for, to settle up accounts.
Sir Allan bade a Knight as such, to carry word and cheer,
And quickly penned a note of love, sealed with a broken tear.

But lo what luck! The tab got there, just to go astray,
And Lady Alice had yet to wait, still another day.
She pouted long, and questioned more, but to no avail,
"I'll teach him so," she cried and said, "I'll not send him mail."

Instead she played, 'n teased the boor, flirting all the while,
No more frowns, or tear stained eyes, nothing but a smile.
The boor mistook this joy for love, and tried to ring the bells,
He laughed, "He, he! I've got her now; Sir Allan can go to Hell!"

To Hell indeed, he sure did ride, unknowing of his peril,
To save his life and his love, he'd need a "Clarrence Darrow."
Each in turn, they took their try, tho one was quite unfair,
The other was a sting of war, he fell into its lair.

The trap was sprung, and he was snared, a prisoner of the wars,
They bound him quick, and dragged him to a city without doors.
All trussed up, there was not much, he could or tried to do,
Sir Al' crusade on this note, to it we bid adieu.



HELL'S HARVEST

—Tony Davis

It had been a long time since the kid had taken a good look into his past. Like most teenagers, he was always on the go and never a dull moment. But experience has a way of making men see with what flimsy cords they have bound the roots of their existences. So he told me about his mother and how she always seemed to be arguing with his dad. And his father who had invariably lost these arguments, used these defeats as an excuse to soak his being in alcohol. It had been this way for as long as he could remember.

The time his father had promised to take him to the circus. Boy! He had looked forward to that day for two endless weeks and just the thought of it sent little thrills of anticipation through his entire body! But then, when the day arrived...It had been a

legitimate excuse that time; at least that's what his dad had told him. The old man had ended up sitting out thirty days in the local lock-up. But he had been innocent, or sick, or tired maybe, but certainly not drunk!

And today, he turned to me and said, "What makes people drink?" And seeing that I would not, or could not answer, he continued..."School had been all right; not good, not bad, but all right".

In teenage vernacular, this meant: I am doing something I don't like to do, but I am able to stand it with a minimum of pain and suffering.

There had been moments though when school was an ordeal and when he had tasted the bitterness of shame and despair. On those days when the parents had come to the school to observe their children's progress, it seemed that he alone had no one interested enough to come. And the fat women in their print dresses who bestowed on him their smiles of sympathy hadn't helped matters any either. They had meant well, he supposed, but their condescending and sympathetic smiles had evoked in him a silent rage rather than the comfort that had been intended.

All of these things this kid was telling me, out of a clear blue sky. It was as if he had known me all his life, or I was some kind of a father symbol or something. I had seen him around of course and today, by sheer coincidence we sat beside each other watching a ball game. He had been staring off into space lost in thought and I offered him a cigarette hoping to draw him out of his reverie. He took the proffered smoke and after lighting it, asked if he could talk to me a while. The pathetic expression on his face aroused my curiosity and I agreed.

I made a motion to get up so that we might go somewhere and talk, but he waved me back onto the bench in-

dicating that the bleachers were as good a place as any.

Anyway, the motherly women in their print dresses had embarrassed him so much that he had been ashamed to face his classmates for the rest of the term. This had been his experience for the first five years of public school.

Naturally, I assumed that after the fifth year his parents had put in an appearance. But this had not been the case.

After the first five times, he had decided to make sure that whenever these occasions presented themselves, that he would be among the missing. He skipped school. These occasional truancies began a pattern which slowly became the rule rather than the exception as the time approached for him to graduate from public school. He had met other boys, who like himself, roamed the streets and in their common interests, ran in gangs, or packs. He stayed away from home for weeks at a time, but his parents didn't seem to care. Once in a while they would inquire indifferently where he was spending his time. After all, they hadn't seemed to really care so what was the difference? It had gone from bad to worse until now, at eighteen years of age, he was beginning to feel the futility of his life.

He had done some talking with one of the older guys in the shop where he worked. The old guy had been telling him that he should have a purpose in life. He had listened for a while, but when he had been advised to cultivate new friendships, he had closed his ears. Everyone needed friends. He knew that. Someone to confide in and his pal Pete, had seemed to be quite a guy. In fact, Pete had reminded him of many of the guys he had known as a youth. They had something in common.

I laughed inwardly as this kid spoke of his youth as if he were an old man

contemplating his irredeemable past and he continued...

He had known guys like Pete all his life and they had drifted in and out of his past like threads in a piece of cloth. He felt somehow that all of them belonged to the league of the lonely and the lost.

He had once belonged to the Y.M.C.A. It was nice there and he had enjoyed it, but the other fellows who belonged to the "Y" hadn't been in his class. Or perhaps, he hadn't been in theirs. They were the kind who never skipped school and had parents who took them on family outings and things. He had tried making friends among them, but in those days he was still naive enough to tell the truth when anyone asked him about his family. They had been kind and friendly and even interested, until he began to unfold the ugliness that was his life. Then they became uncomfortable and he could almost sense them closing their hearts against him. And who could blame them? After all, who needs anyone else's problems?

So he returned to his own kind of people and the teaming streets that spawned them. To the pool halls and cheap taverns where the only requisite for membership was the price of admission.

And the old guy in the shop? Lately he had been harping about him hanging around with "the wrong kind of people". But what the hell! He needed friends didn't he? And Pete was one guy he thought would never let him down. Sometimes though, he wished that the old guy were younger... He would have been a good guy to hang around with. A lot of the things he said made sense; but he would never have let Pete know he felt that way and he knew his way around. He lived the way he did by choice, and to him, any guy in a uniform was an enemy. To Pete, the "square johns" were

suckers and anyone who gave anyone else a chance to rob them, had it coming! Naturally, when you hung around with Pete, you had to think Pete's way.

If it hadn't been for the old man, he supposed that he would always have thought that way. The old man had explained that environment was either man's downfall or his salvation. That every man had the right to choose. But the kid just couldn't fathom what he was trying to say.

The kid paused to light another smoke and I began to really think about the old man's words and the more I thought about them, the more they appealed to me. I got to thinking that he was right, but the kid had begun talking again so I kept my mouth shut.

He had been lonely all his life and when his old man had died a while back, he had been unable to shed so much as a single tear of grief. He watched expressionless as they lowered the coffin into the earth and was glad when at least the services were over. His relatives had remarked on his coolness, but he hadn't even tried to explain how he felt. How could they understand? It had taken his father's death to tear them away from their indifference.

Pete was approaching the stands and the kid got up and started toward him. He gave me a limp wave, a helpless smile and said, "Thanks for listening".

I wanted to call him back and make him believe that the old man cared; that I cared; and that lots of other people cared, but how could I? This was his first time in prison and I was a three time loser. He wouldn't have listened to me!

I watched him until he disappeared into the crowd....

INMATE

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AUTHORS

Send Your Copy to the
TELESCOPE

Letters

Nearly Run Out!

Dear Editors:

My subscription must have nearly run out. I enclose \$2.00 for a two year renewal. When I lived in Kingston, I was a frequent visitor at the shows and entertainments. I miss them now, but I always read the *Telescope* the minute it arrives. Good luck to you! You are doing a fine job.

Yours truly,
Prof. H.L. Tracy,
McMaster University,
Hamilton, Ont.

Very Valuable!

Dear Sir:

Herewith my subscription for one year. I regard the magazine as very valuable to all those interested in the work going on in Kingston among the men and women who are serving terms there.

My best wishes for the continued success of the magazine which I read from cover to cover.

Yours sincerely,
Mabel Mortimore, M.D.,
82 Broadview Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

You Ain't Got Nothing!

Tele-Scope Staff

Or to whom it concerns therein.

I don't make a practice of writing Editors, as a matter of records this is my only "and likely last" attempt. However after reading the "thing" on page #11 titled, "*What Cannot Be Sensed*," I'm forced to add my comments. Which you can be sure are not isolated thoughts, in regards to such a garbage

item as this, in what is distributed as an inmates medium of expression. (creative) In order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world.

When I read an article I usually understand what message, moral, or information the author is trying to convey. Well after reading this twice, the second, *carefully*. I believe I came up with the answer?? (Which later I'll bare for you.) First because *unlike you*, I have met, known, and loved many of the type of women you, along with so many other do gooders and narrow minded bird brains, are prone to throw stones at in an attempt to climb higher, in your holiness up the dung heap of life. And I'd like to go on record once more and say I have met decent ones and clean ones. Does that surprize you? I doubt you understand what a prostitut really is. Can't take up your time to enlighten you, 'likely your minds are losed! I use the words minds, as the trash was written under Staff, so the author has consent.

Well a *very* large number of subscribers are this type of women. And women they are! & as woman they have feelings, *and love ones*. It is also read by our sisters across the street, I take it you are doing time yourselves, holy ones?? So knowing *our* sisters I'd say this kind of dirt will go over big, like cancer. Coming from what is suppose to be an inmate mag. I am obviously regretfull your personal views are likely to creep into more such pointless, but pointed trash.

As I said, the, sum up of it is this. Finding no moral, or story, plot, twist humor. constructive creation, or *what-ever* I wonder why someone would compose, "is that proper compose" such garbage. Could it be that it was meant really for someone *special* to read and perhaps that someone clean and decent, and that the author could smile in smug satisfaction that they are so pure regardless if they are as deep in !?!?!? as everyone else.

Amen.

P.S. The Priest will *Love You*.

(Editors Note)

Sorry we disturbed you more than you already seem to be! In the meantime, I'm sure you should have read the story for the third time for you are entirely off the track with the message.

The message to the story was quite simple: a farmer discovered that his wife, previous to their marriage, had been a prostitute. He made this startling discovery only minutes after he had been telling another prostitute that he could sense the difference between women of their profession and respectable women, and that he could never marry a woman with such a past.

We appreciate signatures on letters so we know to whom we are speaking.

You're Not Prototypes!

Sirs:

I believe that it is about time to renew my subscription to the TELESCOPE and enclosed is one dollar to do so.

I enjoy the magazine very much. It indicates that there are some men in prison who are not mere prototypes of the "popular" conception of the criminal.

I only wish that all prisoners could improve their lots and get away from a life of crime. I am sure that a great majority of them would become good citizens if only more people would help them.

Yours sincerely,
Ralph Spencer
Toronto

Get Beefs off Chest!

I enjoy the *Telescope* and the Diamond very much. Your magazine gives you a chance to get your beefs off your chest, to express your desires and dreams, and to keep in communication with the outside world.

Wishing you success with the *Telescope* and good progress to all in learn-

ing new trades and vocations. For a lively interest and work helps to cure many ills.

Please find enclosed \$2.00 for two years subscription to the magazine.

Best wishes to all.

Yours truly,
Percy Mason
261 C, Ontario St.,
St. Catharines, Ont.

Help Could Bring Success!

I think it is about time to renew my *K.P. Telescope*, so enclosed is one dollar to do so. I enjoy the magazine very much. It shows that means are gradually being found to help all prisoners not only to improve their lot, but to get away from a life of crime. I hope and pray they may be successful.

I am sure there are a great majority of prisoners who would become good citizens if only more people would help them.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs) Clara East,
Montreal 9, Que.

PUZZLE ANSWERS**ACROSS**

1. Hoot
5. Man
8. Bell
12. Atre
13. Ado
14. Erie
15. Roan
16. Matadors
18. Pet
19. Emmet
20. Sat
21. Iota
23. Sop
25. Florals
28. Mails
32. Land
33. Set
35. Sneec
36. Asset
38. Whiting
40. Rap
42. Rest
43. Eat
46. Lotus
48. Ida
51. Trawlers
53. Rail
54. Nile
55. Tot
56. Item
57. Ades
58. Sts
59. Gets

DOWN

1. Harp
2. Otoo
3. Orations
4. Ten
6. Adam
7. Notes
8. Bed
9. Eros
10. Lira
11. Lest
17. Atom
19. Eta
22. Order
24. Pasts
25. Fla
26. Las
27. Sew
29. Initiate
30. Len
31. S-g
34. Thrusts
37. Tall
39. Ies
41. Poets
43. Etna
44. Arid
45. Tale
47. Trot
49. Diet
50. Alms
52. Wes
53. Rig

The Night Before Christmas

(or please pass the ear muffs)

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the joint,
Everyone was yelling and arguing the point;
The radio was blasting and the static was hell,
And the con up above me was pacing his cell.
Two others were singing and beating the floor,
And a guy down below a-yelling for more;
Sing it again yelled a fellow in nine,
Give us a chorus of "Sweet Adeline."
Then the fellow next door hammered hard on his bed,
And it felt like a bomb would explode in my head;
Who said "peace on earth", told a hell of a tale,
For I know he has never spent Christmas in jail.
"Let us rattle the bars", shouted someone in three,
And I muttered, "Oh Lord have some mercy on me!"
I prayed for five minutes of quiet and bliss,
Then I cursed that the judge hadn't told me of this!
"Listen you dope! screamed the fellow in four,
"Stop throwing those orange peels in front of my door!
The crunching of peanuts—the crackling of shells,
The rattle of paper throughout all the cells;
"My bag's pretty big", said the guy down on one,
And a wise-acre answered, "You married her, son!"
A musical ape played a tune on his sink,
And somebody hollered out, "Give it a drink!"
I stood on my feet and I started to pace,
And I thought about home and the old fire place;
And how Santa Clause would come in the night,
And fill all the stockings with things of delight.
Then all of a sudden a light seemed to blink,
And I got an idea as quick as a wink;
Did I hang up my stockings outside of the door,
Like I did as a child in the old days of yore?
Ah No! But I took those old stockings instead,
And craftily pulled them both over my head;
Thus blocking my ears till I heard not a peep,
Then slowly and surely, I drifted to sleep.

things go
better
with
Coke

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